

don't want no other shade of blue but you by stardustupinlights

Series: marked me like a blood stain [2]

Category: 原神 | Genshin Impact (Video Game)

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Summary:

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Kaeya sips his drink, watches Diluc make yet another wrong move, and reaches over to knock his king down himself. Surprisingly, Diluc lets it

slide, and makes purposeful eye contact with him. Kaeya can feel his own expression softening. “I carry my burdens without protest, Luc, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Diluc heaves a sigh, one so great that his shoulders rise and fall with it. “Of course you do.”

Kaeya's birthday is a private affair.

Relationships: Diluc/Kaeya (Genshin Impact)

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Author's Note:

have fun owo

“Tell me about Khaenri’ah.”

Kaeya pauses, glancing up at Diluc as he moves his queen—they’ve been at this particular game of chess for at least two hours, which is a lot, but a storm is raging outside the winery, cold air has assaulted Mondstadt for the last month, and it’s Kaeya’s birthday. Apologies were exchanged days ago. Neither of them is in a hurry.

“Why, Master Diluc,” Kaeya drawls, dipping his finger into his drink to stir it, before taking a sip. It’s an exotic one, imported for taste-tasting, of the kind only someone as filthy rich as Diluc could afford, called whiskey. Kaeya can’t say he doesn’t enjoy its bitterness, but there’s nothing quite as good as Dawn Winery’s own product. It was his formal present for appearances, sent to his office this morning. His real one, well—Kaeya asked for this game, did he not? “Have you gotten amnesia? Should I take you to our dear Deaconess Barbara? I told you everything there is to know.”

“No,” Diluc starts, hesitates to move his knight. His head hasn’t been in the game for the last twenty minutes, and Kaeya hasn’t destroyed him out of courtesy. “You told me about the history, the city’s location, potential political reasons, and personal grudges. But you never spoke of the land itself.”

“That’s because there’s none,” Diluc makes his move; Kaeya answers in a heartbeat. This should be over in three more, unless Diluc focuses, or lays his king down. Considering how stubborn he is, none is likely to happen. “I’m sure you’ve read this in history books before, Master Diluc, but Khaenri’ah has no natural resources. It’s what made its people resort to alchemy, and what turned them into sinners and monsters. Former Grand Master Arundolyn’s records speak quite broadly of this.”

“Sinners and monsters,” Diluc repeats, squinting at the board. “And you include yourself in those categories?”

Kaeya sips his drink, watches Diluc make yet another wrong move, and reaches over to knock his king down himself. Surprisingly, Diluc lets it slide, and makes purposeful eye contact with him. Kaeya can feel his own expression softening. “I carry my burdens without protest, Luc, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Diluc heaves a sigh, one so great that his shoulders rise and fall with it. “Of course you do.”

“Don’t sound so bitter,” Kaeya laughs, finishes his drink. Diluc looks like a disgruntled, overgrown child, sour expression pointed at the chess board, hair mussed from tossing and turning in bed, nightgown wrinkled, blanket thrown half-heartedly over his shoulders, beautiful. Kaeya might have climbed through his window, in order to ask for his game, and it might barely still be the night of his birthday. “It’s like Mona says, after all. Even if my heart is with Mondstadt, even if it’s with you, I’ll have a choice. And I might make the wrong one.”

Diluc closes his eyes, either because he’s tired, or because he’s at that stage Kaeya already passed through, the one where he doesn’t want to address the danger and the implications of his existence, of how much easier and safer it would be to get rid of Kaeya.

“I thought we agreed you wouldn’t talk about others in my presence,” Diluc mumbles, leaning his puffy cheeks on his hand, elbow against the armrest. “It makes me sick to think of your ever-growing social circle.”

“Jealous, you mean,” Kaeya smirks, and Diluc kicks him under the table. “You’re the one that allows people to flirt with you right under my nose while you work.”

“You’re the one who’s a walking, talking flirt,” Diluc shoots back, a bit too heated, and he stops to blink at his own reaction, leaning back against his chair, face pinking. “Forget I said anything, Sir Kaeya. It’s getting quite late, isn’t it?”

“I suppose so,” Kaeya runs a hand through his hair, letting it run free, tossing his ribbon somewhere at Diluc’s dresser. He feels his eyes on him, staring; it’s the first time Kaeya’s let his hair down in front of him, ever since he came back to Mondstadt. He usually keeps it shorter on the sides, but it’s been too long since he’s cut it, so the unevenness of it is apparent. “You want to know about Khaenri’ah, then?”

There’s heat in Diluc’s eyes, watching him closely, as Kaeya continues to break down his own walls: he takes off the eye patch, allows his cape to touch the ground, unbuttons his shirt the rest of the way but keeps it on. His boots have been long gone for hours, but his socks follow, at which point Diluc’s gaze looks less like fascination and more like he’s considering charging him for all the extra laundry he’s putting on his maids.

“Yes,” Diluc nods, but it comes out dry and strangled. He clears his throat, ignoring his red ears and Kaeya’s wink. “About your life.”

“My life,” Kaeya muses, standing up, taking off his gloves and leaving them on the table. Diluc does not move from his chair, as Kaeya approaches his dresser, looking around for a nightgown that doesn’t look like it’s been inherited from Diluc’s grandma. No such luck. “I was raised to survive. There’s not much more to it.”

Diluc doesn’t respond right away, too busy watching Kaeya undress until he’s butt naked. He’s always been shameless about nudity – in Khaenri’ah, you’ll always be cold, no matter how many layers you put on – and no amount of high-society rules that Master Crepus had drilled into him could successfully beat the habit out. As Kaeya grew older and his beauty more apparent, however, people stopped complaining quite so much, and that included Diluc, who used to stammer the mere second Kaeya started getting comfortable like this, years ago.

Now, he only blushes as deep as his hair, looking away. “You were a prince, though, weren’t you?”

Kaeya pauses, running a hand over his usually covered eye, then continues putting on Diluc’s grandma nightgown, the least offensive one he could find.

“I was a prince, perhaps,” Kaeya says, and finds himself struggling to explain, in terms that someone from Teyvat could understand. Talking about Khaenri’ah always feels like he’s talking about a completely different life, a different version of himself. Its language wants to slip through his lips, in order for him to name things the way he learned them to be called, to use the words that can’t possibly be translated, but he ignores that urge. “And as their last hope, I supposed they wanted me to be good, and fight my way out.”

Diluc’s eyebrows make a funny move. “What, did they make you fight other children to the death?”

Kaeya laughs, shaking his head. “That would’ve been far more fun, I fear. The underground city, it’s— ancient. The people of Khaenri’ah, the ones that aren’t cursed, are as bitter as that gift of yours, if not more so.”

Kaeya thinks of his father’s eyes, the day he left him, full of hate, glaring at the horizon where Khaenri’ah sat.

Diluc, with his attention-grabbing presence, pulls him back from it by getting up, only to sit back down on the bed, looking up at him with wide, curious eyes, as if they were children again and Kaeya was making up another story for him, for them to get through the night.

“You didn’t seem bitter,” he says, a frown wrinkling his eyebrows. “You were just...”

He doesn’t say it, but Kaeya hears it: *empty*, like a broken vessel, left behind for someone else to fix. His debt to Master Crepus is invaluable, unmeasurable, and knows no end.

“I was, wasn’t I?” Kaeya chuckles, though it would be difficult to find any real amusement in it. Diluc’s hand reaches out to his, squeezing it, looking like he’s starting to regret asking, and it wipes the smile from his lips, his playful tone from his voice. “You need to understand, Diluc, if the monsters of Teyvat come from Khaenri’ah, and its people resent living in a windless land, where their souls will be lost... it’s only natural that their prince serves only for their purposes and plots, with no kingdom left to rule.”

Diluc meets his eyes, and his gaze lingers on the one Kaeya keeps hidden from the world. “They trained you, then.”

“They trained me,” Kaeya grins, and sits down besides Diluc, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. “I suspect they didn’t even want me to know how to speak Khaenri’ahn, back then, but it was inevitable that I would pick it up, so clever that I am, until they gave up. Did you ever wonder about my lack of accent?”

“Once or twice,” Diluc admits, side-eyeing Kaeya, like he doesn’t quite know what to make of his current behavior. There’s concern, in his eyes, and a shine that says that he’s starting to understand him, on a level even deeper than before. “Was there anyone, then, besides your father?”

“No one that I can remember very well. And you must know, a great deal of things, I learned on my way to Mondstadt, since the lands of Teyvat are rich and plentiful,” Kaeya runs a hand through Diluc’s hair, buries his face against his neck, inhaling the scent of wood, grapes, whatever traces of his fancy cologne and soap remain on his skin. Familiar, safe. “I learned to fight before I could run, and I killed a man when I was five.”

Diluc swallows, and Kaeya feels it against his lips. “You remember that, but not if there was someone else raising you?”

“It’s hard to forget, but his face is blurry. I just know I did it, and that it was a test,” Kaeya leans back, gauging Diluc’s expression. There’s no fear, no judgment. Most importantly, no pity. “Either I killed him, or he killed me. I wouldn’t be surprised if I hadn’t been the first prince or princess facing such trial. After that—traditions, history, writing, counting. But even Khaenri’ahns can’t remember Khaenri’ah. There wasn’t much, unless they kept it from me or their resentment blinded them.”

“You could write a book,” Diluc sighs, knocking Kaeya’s shoulder with his own. “It’d be a bestseller, and no one would suspect a thing.”

“I considered it,” Kaeya admits. “I used to keep diaries after I got here, you know, so I wouldn’t forget.”

“Can I see them?”

Kaeya thinks about where he hid them, and laughs.

“Seriously?” Diluc complains, opening the door to Kaeya’s former room, looking inside with distaste. “Under my nose, this whole time?”

Kaeya, beautiful, competent, as bright as the stars, does not seem to feel even a drop of remorse. “You wouldn’t have been able to read them, anyways.”

He’s right, of course. After they move the bed, because they’ve long outgrown the stage in which they could slip under, Kaeya taps the floorboards until he finds a hollow noise, and grins at Diluc as he pries the board’s edges until he finds a loose one, and he’s able to pull it off the floor.

He sticks his hand in without fear of dust or spiders or rats, but at least he shakes the two thin, worn notebooks, until most of the grime of years of hiding is gone, before handing them to Diluc.

“This is it?” He asks, not sure what he was expecting. There’s no form of identification on the outside, and opening the cover of the one on top offers him a first page full of text that he can’t read, cursive characters running across the guidelines of the notebook, looking fancy and indescribably complicated. Despite himself, and all his years of calligraphy training, Diluc pales. “You can write like this and you made me read out my notes to you after tutoring hours?”

Kaeya has the decency of looking embarrassed. “My handwriting is atrocious in every language, Diluc. I’d rather keep information in my head, though being Quartermaster has made that very difficult.”

Diluc hits him over the head with a notebook, which results in a cloud of dust. “You’re so *lazy*, this is more complicated than Liyue’s characters for the common tongue. How can this be *bad handwriting*?”

“You’d be surprised, and, well, your language is quite... unsophisticated, if I do say so myself,” Kaeya points at a particular character, but Diluc can’t see whatever he’s telling him to look out for. “Not that you can tell, I guess, but the language used in Teyvat seems like a, uh, *broken*, backwards variant of Khaenri’ahn.”

“...really, now,” Diluc deadpans, and Kaeya proceeds to speak to him in Khaenri’ahn, like the show off he is, laughing at his blank expression afterwards. Diluc decides to ignore him, and turns to the notebooks again. The first one is full to the brim, while the second seems practically untouched. “How long were you writing here?”

“Took me a year, perhaps, to get to this point,” Kaeya shrugs. “I stopped, though.”

“Why?”

“I got attached, and forcing my memories on paper didn’t help me. Besides, it was dangerous,” Kaeya takes a notebook from Diluc’s hands, the one that’s filled, opening it to a random page in the first half, and he starts reading, first in Khaenri’ahn before pausing to translate. “*‘Master Crepus has been kinder to me than father ever was. People in Mondstadt are odd, and they look at me like I’m odd, but Master Crepus lets me eat at his table and insists I should play with his son, who wouldn’t be able to throw a punch without breaking his thumb, and wouldn’t survive a head-butt of mine. If I was bathed in moonlight, the night of my birth, then he must have been blessed by this strange, burning sunlight, if that Vision is anything to go by.’*”

Diluc’s heart is doing its own type of exercise in his chest, and he feels like his soul has escaped his body. His voice is shaky when he speaks. “You wrote that as a child?”

There’s an uncharacteristic flush to Kaeya’s cheeks, and his smile is bashful. “Like I said, Teyvat’s language is simpler. In Khaenri’ahn, I am writing like a child of Mondstadt would at that age.”

“Somehow, I doubt that,” Diluc snorts, thinking of Kaeya’s tendency to add drama and flourish to his words, though now he wonders whether that’s a side effect of his mother tongue. “‘Bathed in moonlight’?”

“Khaenri’ah has no sun.”

Diluc stares. “You’re jesting.”

“I wish I was,” Kaeya grins, and turns to the notebook again, looking for another passage. He finds it, reads it for himself, and then translates. “‘*Teyvat’s people have no clue about how lucky they are to not depend on the moon. Father told me that the moon was obscured, the day Khaenri’ah fell, but these people with their sun seem to have no need to worry about that.*’ Ah, and you say I wasn’t bitter.”

“You weren’t,” Diluc insists, and his hand moves on its own, to grasp Kaeya’s wrist, feeling his heartbeat under his fingers. “How can it have no sun?”

“We’ve talked about how Khaenri’ah might be related to The Abyss Order, haven’t we?” Kaeya’s hand comes to rest over Diluc’s fingers, prying them off, just to tangle their hands together. “It is underground, after all, but I have no memories of a sun like the one that befalls Teyvat peeking through the cracks. There was only moonlight, and not always. The night I was born there was. You’ve read the stories. I fear those metaphors were a little too literal.”

“Is this where you reveal another piece of information to me, which you neglected before?” Diluc asks, half joking, but Kaeya openly grimaces, and his face turns into a frown. “Kaeya...”

“It’s not that important,” Kaeya clarifies, and points to the other notebook. “Open it.”

Diluc does, looks at the first page, and looks at Kaeya again. “You can’t be real.”

“Khaenri’ah was a powerful kingdom once, or so I was told,” Kaeya explains, running a finger over the open page, full of characters different, and even more complex, than those in the first. “Home to many languages and cultures, most likely... I wasn’t as good, at this version of Khaenri’ahn, since it’s the dialect the adults used when they didn’t want me to know things, but I tried it anyways. It is harder to remember than the common dialect.”

“I don’t know if I should be impressed,” Diluc muses, a finger running over the words. “Or despaired, that people in Khaenri’ah have this knowledge, buried centuries of culture, and they only seem to want war with us.”

Kaeya pauses at this, as if considering Diluc’s words, and then he whispers something, in Khaenri’ahn. Looks at Diluc, with eyes sadder than he’s ever seen them. “We’re sinners who dream of dreaming, Luc, and who believe to have been wrongfully cursed by Teyvat’s gods. Even if that’s true, though... it’s a few hundred years too late to fix it.”

Diluc reaches out, runs the fingers of his free hand over Kaeya’s hair, his heart twisting in his chest. “What will I do with you, Kae?”

Kaeya turns his face to kiss his wrist, where it touches his face, closing his eyes.

“If you were smart, Diluc,” Kaeya says. “You would’ve killed me four years ago.”

“You’re cruel, when you’re honest.” Diluc shakes his head, and breaks away from Kaeya’s hold, standing off and patting the dust off his nightgown. He looks down at him, offering his hand. “Come now, prince. I have another present for you.”

Kaeya takes his hand easily, holds it in his like it’s a precious gem, and brings it to his lips before standing up. “How generous of you, Master Diluc. Another vintage for my collection?”

Diluc’s lips twitch, but he keeps down his smile.

Kaeya is pushed onto Diluc's bed, climbed over, and kissed like he's the last glass of water in Teyvat, and Diluc is just begging for a sip.

The intensity is startling; any man or woman of Mondstadt and beyond would probably be overwhelmed, when suddenly being gifted a lapful of Diluc Ragnvindr, but Kaeya is not just anyone, so he adjusts quickly. Hands grasp onto Diluc's hips, teeth bite at the plumpness of his lips, and it is barely seconds in that he flips them, splaying Diluc over the bed, red hair bleeding over the sheets, nightgown riding down to meet his waist and giving Kaeya the very pleasant sight of milky white thighs, which he immediately puts his hands on.

"My, Master Diluc..." Kaeya leans down and steals another kiss from Diluc's lips, lingering and hot, barely resisting the urge to take what he wants, after being offered it so freely. "Do you often give gifts like these, or am I special?"

"Fool," Diluc sighs, pulling Kaeya in, probably stretching out the fabric of his own nightgown with his urgency. "You know better than anyone what's only yours, or have you forgotten?"

Oh, Kaeya thinks, hesitation slowing his gestures, making the kisses he lays over Diluc's neck tender, delicate, his breath shaking, *oh, he hasn't been touched.*

Kaeya always repressed the part of his mind that wondered if Diluc had met someone on the road, during the last three to four years, even if it was for just one night. It always soured his day if the thought ever slipped in, even if it was hypocritical of him; Kaeya had to clean up a lot of things after Diluc left, the vestiges of their burned down relationship being one of them.

Rumors about their sudden separation plagued the city, and Kaeya didn't want people to think wrongly of them, much less so of Diluc, so he did what he had to in order to preserve the dignity of the Ragnvindr name, so fragile under the weight of its heir walking away, already, to need rumors about Master Crepus raising Kaeya to be Diluc's pet in the Ordo, about him pissing off Diluc by breaking off some unsavory deal.

He proved Mondstadt's doubtful citizens wrong, by the time he became Cavalry Captain, and it's not like the rebounds weren't helpful, in their own twisted way, in order to make him forget the taste of Diluc, if only for a second.

Sex with Diluc was always sacred for him. He wasn't Kaeya's first; he'd been too proper when Kaeya had first felt the inclination to experiment, so nothing came of it until after they were together, even if kisses were a supposedly innocent occurrence before it. But it was still unique, made him feel close to Diluc in a way he'd never thought he'd be because of his lies.

After he left, and after the clean-up, sex became... a business transaction, more often than not. Another innovative way to weasel information out that would probably scandalize the Ordo Favonius if they found out, if Kaeya hasn't gotten rid of most of those people afterwards or paid them handsomely for their silence. He did what he had to.

He'd forgotten, like Diluc said. Forgotten the heat of his skin, the sweetness of his lips, the sounds caught in the back of Diluc's throat like unspoken prayers. He succumbs to it now, like a man to a god, his hands finding purpose by running over Diluc's thighs, his lips against the sensitive spots he remembers better than his own name, heart alight with desire like he hasn't felt in years.

Despite their breathlessness, Diluc's words are smug. "Did I catch you off guard, Quartermaster? You're being quiet, for once in your life."

And Kaeya laughs, straightens up to his knees to take off that stupid nightgown, spreads Diluc's legs just to see him squirm and wipe that smirk off his face. "Are you aware of what you're returning to me? What you're giving me back?"

Diluc's answer is to pull him in with his legs, canting his hips upwards. An invitation if he's ever seen one.

"Hurry up," Diluc asks, his face going red, the flush spreading through his chest, and Kaeya makes quick work of the buttons of the neck of his nightgown, to see more of his skin, wondering how it'd look turned bitten

purple, if it'd be as good as in his memories. Diluc shivers under his touch. "*Kaeya*, hurry."

Often, Kaeya likes to toy with his money, with his food, with his targets; part of his training in Khaenri'ah required it of him, that he knew how to pry words out of people, be it with his speech or with his weapons, and it probably influenced him in the worst way possible, making him long for the conflict in people's eyes, in watching what they do when faced with unprecedented challenges. Maybe that's part of why he chose to confess to Diluc that night, to watch his reaction, to feel something other than the guilt and the knowledge, via Master Crepus' death, that all humans are filthy, and that the people of Teyvat are not any better than the sinners of Khaenri'ah, not any stronger against the temptation of power and glory.

But not this time.

Kaeya forgets about the Abyss, about Khaenri'ah, about his bloodline, about Crepus' broken body, about the Cryo Vision he left on Diluc's nightstand, next to his own, when he climbed through the windows countless hours ago. His mind, blessedly bare, blank, making him more grateful to the man under his hands that he could ever be towards any god, young or old.

He gets Diluc naked, pressing kisses over his skin as he goes, the nightgown abandoned on the floor along with his own, left for them to deal with in the morning. The underwear goes too, Kaeya's lips against his hip as he dragged it down, and then on his cock, already hard, already leaking, just for him.

"*Kaeya*," Diluc calls, a hand tangled on his hair as he runs his tongue over his shaft, slowly, tasting him, savoring him, feeling the longing of four long years without this. His tone is tight, and his thighs keep shivering under Kaeya's caresses, hips twitching. Beautiful, as always. "*Kaeya*, please..."

Because he asks nicely, Kaeya takes him deeper into his mouth, into his throat, sucking him until Diluc gasps, his grip on Kaeya's hair tightening, until the tremors are too much and the urgency of them meeting after so long make Diluc spill in his mouth, too quick.

He lingers, teasing and thoughtful of his sensitivity, but Kaeya's mind is elsewhere, even as Diluc stammers an apology, saying it's been too long; there's one thing he wants tonight, and then Diluc can ask for whatever in return. Such is the nature of gift giving, after all.

Diluc's skin is flushed red everywhere with embarrassment and desire, when Kaeya pulls back, and his expression is equivalent to that of one witnessing a miracle, his eyes wide and just a little wet already, mouth bitten pink, traces of his kisses darkening on his skin already.

"Don't stress out. Let me spoil you," Kaeya asks of him, running his hands over Diluc's chest. He broader than he was when they're were younger, wears more scars, but he still has that petite waist, begging to be grabbed, that cute face that makes him want to ruin him, those thick thighs asking to be bitten. But there'll be time for that later. "Turn around, please."

Diluc follows his command without hesitation, either suspecting or already knowing what's about to happen. Kaeya's wanted to do this for what feels like forever, ever since he laid eyes on Diluc, watched his red hair from a distance after so long, so he's quick to spread him open: legs parted, cheeks held apart by Kaeya's hand, cock hanging in the air as Diluc leans on his elbows.

Kaeya takes a deep breath, licks his lips. "How much will you let me take?"

Diluc turns his head over his shoulder, meets his eyes. His voice is but a whisper, but burns in its sincerity. "Whatever you want."

It is only natural, then, that Kaeya whispers a prayer under his breath, but not to Teyvat's gods, lest Venti decides to interrupt. No, he thinks about Master Crepus, and asks for his forgiveness rather than permission, because he might never be able to let go of this.

Diluc's skin is soft under his hands, and his back arches with a sigh, when Kaeya's lips descent upon his rim. He smells of soap, and his tongue pushes in with barely any resistance before he pulls back, the biggest giveaway that he did expect Kaeya tonight, and that this was always in his plans. He's not the only one who can carry on with schemes, it seems.

Kaeya's always taken this part slow; kisses first, enjoying the fluttering of Diluc's muscles, then licks, sucks, getting him wet, his tongue moving like they're kissing, and finally he pushes in again. Diluc's ass clenches around him, his hips tremble with the effort of trying to keep himself from pushing back against him, to avoid breaking his nose. It's happened once before, after all.

"Kaeya," he calls, over and over, slowly breaking down. His voice is still low, barely above a whisper, so he pushes in deeper, suction with his lips, grips his ass harder because Kaeya wants him to feel it, later, tomorrow, next week, wants Diluc to feel *him* everywhere, as he prepares drinks, as he cleans the bar, as he goes on meetings for the winery business. He's always been possessive, when allowed to. "Ah! Hold—hold on, I want... your fingers—"

Kaeya chuckles, pulls back, allows his thumb to press, insistent, over Diluc's rim, tight circles that barely catch onto the edges. "Like this?"

He presses in, just so, and Diluc gives out a full-body shiver. It's truly been too long; he used to be able to take more before he started feeling hungry, but while distance makes the heart grow fonder, it also makes the body crave louder.

"Yes," Diluc hisses, rolls his hips into it. "You... you can be rougher, you know..."

"Want me to go in dry?" Kaeya asks, just to tease, but he remembers when they were younger, and tangled so often with each other that such thing was possible. "Like when I fucked you over your desk, at the Ordo headquarters, and you would've screamed your lungs out if I hadn't gagged you?"

Diluc's body language has always been what gives him away, but his inhibitions are down, shattered on the ground, so it's his moan that agrees with him, even if the way his hole twitches and his skin flushes further would've been enough.

“Maybe another time,” Kaeya muses, already picturing it, but there’s no time like the present, and reaching back to Diluc’s nightstand, on the left side, hand digging into the drawer, he finds the oil—Calla Lily scented, because Diluc can grow up and mature, leave behind the dreams of his young age and don a vigilante’s mask, but he can’t change. Not in his eyes. “Ah, I wished to take longer with you, you know, but what am I supposed to do when you’re like this?”

Diluc laughs, a sound so rare these days that it makes Kaeya want to get on his knee, get Crepus’ wedding ring that Diluc’s never wanted, ask him the impossible. “Don’t blame me for your weakness, Kae.”

Kaeya dips his fingers in the oil, drops the closed bottle on the bed – something Diluc’s always hated, since it’s made of glass – and presses two, his middle and ring finger, against Diluc’s waiting hole. Both of their amusement vanishes. “Can you take it?”

Diluc presses his ass back, Kaeya lets his fingertips slide in, slowly. “We’ll find out.”

Reckless, but that’s how Kaeya likes it, too.

He pushes in fully, then, a little too fast, but it’s obvious that Diluc foresaw this, earlier on his own, so the little resistance there is only enough to have Diluc let out a whimper, the soft arch of his back deepening, like a bow ready to be fired, and Kaeya puts his mouth on it, marking his shoulders, his neck, biting into his skin with no qualms for whether the marks will be hard to cover up or not. His fingers stretch him, tease him, dive in deeply enough that when he finds that sweet spot Diluc can’t keep himself up anymore with both elbows, and one of his arms falls.

Kaeya pushes him the rest of the way down, but keeps his ass up, still going at it, knowing it’s what he wants. They could try to be tender, but it isn’t in their nature, not when they’ve been itching to do this for so long. That can come later, after they’ve gotten the edge off.

“That’s enough!” Diluc gasps out, stretching out his arms so he can hold on to the other end of the bed, his hair spilling over his back as he raises his

head, turns it the side just enough to make eye contact again. Kaeya pushes a third finger in, watches his mouth fall open, his lips struggle to form a sentence, his eyebrows furrowing in concentration. “I’m—*too close*, Kaeya, just give it to me—”

“I thought it was *my* gift, Diluc,” Kaeya says, but pulls his fingers out, reaches for the oil. “And if you finish, you’ll let me fuck you anyways, won’t you? Until I’m done?”

Diluc shivers out a breath. “Yes.”

It’s all he needs, to finally take. The head of his cock meets Diluc’s wet hole, reminding Kaeya of how much he’s missed him the second he’s able to push it in, that familiar velvet heat engulfing him. Diluc’s always ran warm —too warm, making him prone to fevers – and his greediness guarantees that Kaeya is being spurred on with moans and his hips, pushing back, wanting to take more than he should in one go.

This is what his hands are for, then, once he’s able to see through the haze of pleasure: collecting Diluc’s wrists and holding them down against the bed as he keeps going, until he bottoms out and all that’s left is the sound of Diluc breathing, his wrists flexing under his skin, his ass clenching on his cock, because he’s so, so greedy in bed, perhaps as a contrast to his giving nature out of it. Kaeya’s never been able to fully control it, and it reminds him of nights with Diluc riding him until he was too exhausted to keep going.

Kaeya rolls his hips without pulling out, lashes his mouth on Diluc’s neck, and bites until he’s gasping, begging, broken sounds slipping from his lips – ‘*it’s good, so good, please, more, I want you, I’ve missed you*’ – and Diluc has him so wrapped around his little finger that Kaeya hasn’t ever been able to say no to him, not really, not unless he wanted him to.

He sets a hard pace, because it’s what his instinct tells him to go for, and it’s rarely – never – wrong when it comes to what Diluc wants. Diluc’s childhood bedroom is once more taken over by the sound of its owner’s gasps, of their skin meeting, of Kaeya’s deep breaths and chuckles, his

tongue unable to stay put, whispering in his ear, even if the words are shaky with exertion, with desire.

“Is this rough enough for you?” And Diluc’s answer, a breathy ‘*gods, Kaeya*’, tells him everything he needs to know; one of his hands reaches over, letting go of a wrist, touches Diluc’s cock, wraps around it with confidence and jerks him in time with his thrusts. Diluc’s trembling becomes excessive, then, and his muscles start tensing. It’s simple from here. “You’re going to give me my gift, then?”

Diluc tangles his free hand in Kaeya’s hair, trying to pull him closer, but his chest is already all but stuck to his back, his cock driving into him with such eagerness that he can probably feel it in his gut. His nails reach his shoulder, instead, and dig. “Take it, please, *gods*—”

“My name,” Kaeya demands, because Diluc can’t be allowed everything, or he’ll take over the world. “There are no gods here.”

“Kaeya, take it, please, please, make me cum, *Kaeya*—”

Diluc was already so close, it barely takes Kaeya a few well-timed, well-aimed thrusts to get him there. His ass clenches so tight that Kaeya curses, Khaenri’ahn mixing with the common tongue of Teyvat, hand milking the orgasm out of Diluc’s cock as his paces becomes less calculated, his focus dividing into finishing himself and Diluc off, instead of just in Diluc.

True to his word, Diluc does little more than whine as Kaeya keeps fucking into him, heaving like he can’t quite catch his breath. As agile as with his claymore, Diluc is with his ass, so he pushes his hips back, clenches at the right moments, up until Kaeya has no choice but to spill inside him, groans stolen from his throat.

Then it’s just them, tangled together once more. Kaeya pulls out and turns Diluc over, runs an appreciative eye over the spots where his mouth lingered, turned purple and red already, over where the sheets were too rough for Diluc’s nipples, over his blissful expression, face still red. Their eyes meet, bottomless stars into a bloody inferno, and an embarrassed smile, one Kaeya hasn’t seen in ages, curls Diluc’s lips.

“I planned to suck *you* off,” he mumbles, tangling his hands in Kaeya’s hair, bringing his lips down to his. His nails trail his skin then, possessive in their own way, over his chest and all the way to his back. “The rest was as planned, though I guess nothing ever can go to the letter when you’re involved.”

“That seems to contradict my records,” Kaeya bites Diluc’s bottom lip, sucks it, hands moving until his fingers are back at where his cum spills onto the sheets. Diluc moans, eyes unfocused. “You don’t seem to be complaining.”

Hips roll, but Diluc seems too tired to play at being overstimulated out of his mind, no matter what his brain tells him, so Kaeya pulls away, mindful of their responsibilities for once. He opens his mouth to say more, express the lightness of his heart, but Diluc beats him to the punch.

“Thank you,” he says, blinking misty eyes at him. He’s still sensitive; gifts Kaeya a full-body shiver when he runs his hands over his sides.

“Shouldn’t I be the one thanking you? You stole the words from my lips.”

“I just...” Diluc hesitates, and his face recovers some of the pink that was already fading. “I had... heard, that after I left, you didn’t exactly become a celibate like I did. I wasn’t sure if you’d still be interested, considering—”

“Diluc,” Kaeya interrupts, watches him avoid eye contact, and takes his chin with his fingers, forcing him back. “That was just business. There was rarely a second where I didn’t think of you, and even then it was brief.”

Diluc blushes even harder. “That’s not—”

“Do I have to prove it to you, then?” Keya grins, bending his head down to kiss his neck, mouth at his jaw, bite into his skin—that hickey will definitely be visible. So will be the mark of Diluc’s nails, digging into his chest. “I’ve never wanted anyone like this before, Luc, and I never will.”

“Alright,” Diluc huffs out a breath; Kaeya can’t tell if it’s with relief or to control his embarrassment. “You can stop being so nice now, it’s weird.”

“I’m always nice,” Kaeya smirks, but his voice is still too soft, the sight of Diluc, content in his arms, naked, fucked-out, too much for him to put up some of his walls, the ones that they keep around each other out of caution, for this is still too delicate. Time might knock them down, but tonight, they might as well not exist. “I mean it, though. I do.”

Diluc stares into his eyes long enough for anyone else to seem like they believe he’s lying, but it’s possible Diluc might just be thinking ‘wow, *pretty*’. The way he blinks and snaps out of it seems to support this theory.

“Alright, then,” Diluc runs his hands over Kaeya’s shoulders, draws stars and constellations around his scars. Kaeya’s heart seemed to have started beating the day he gave Diluc his Vision back, so it seems to want to bleed again, with a different kind of pain—the pain of loving something more than oneself. It’s a vicious cycle, in which Diluc’s gaze opens the wound, but also soothes it over. “You seem sad.”

Kaeya seems to have forgotten how to lie. “I am, Luc. One day, my past will come back, and I’ll have to face the facts. I don’t know if it’ll make the right choice, or what that choice will be. It might cost me you, along everything else I’ve learned to love.”

Diluc’s expression breaks, for a moment, and he seems as sad as Kaeya is. “You can’t choose me over anyone, Kaeya. I want you to remember that.”

“I know,” he smiles, the gesture cutting through his face, because of course Diluc would forbid him of that. He doesn’t know if he’ll be able to remember this, when the time comes, but he knows. He knows. “I apologize for this awful attempt at pillow talk.”

“You’ve always been too many steps ahead,” Diluc rolls his eyes, presses a finger over Kaeya’s lips. “No more of this, Kaeya. Let them come. Tonight, tomorrow, the day or year after, I don’t care. But you’re you, I’m me. And at least we have each other in the meantime.”

Khaenri’ahn slips through his lips, ‘*Since you could endure my bitter cold...*’

Diluc, beautiful and clever, asks. “What does that mean?”

“You already know,” Kaeya starts, feeling a sheepish smile take shape on his face. “I just thought it sounded better in Khaenri’ahn— it’s in this text, regarding the gemstones we use for our Visions. The Cryo section is fascinating.”

Diluc’s eyes clear. “Since you could endure my bitter cold, you must have the desire to burn?”

“The Tsaritsa’s words, presumably.” Kaeya sits up, pulls Diluc with him, and kisses his ring finger—because he can’t have the things he wants, but he can still long for them. “I always thought it was fitting, no matter how insane she is.”

“You do know the rest of the quote?” Diluc asks, watching Kaeya with heavy eyes, full of what they can’t say outright.

“‘Then, burn away the old world for me’,” Kaeya pauses. “Would you?”

Diluc’s fingers tangle with his, and an amused smile, just a little bashful, a little painful, coats his lips. “Did I not already? Burn my world for you?”

Kaeya thinks of almost four years of silence, Master Crepus’ grave with only Calla Lilies for company, dreams of knights forgotten, a Delusion broken, and Diluc slowly selling what he sees no need for, except for that vase. Never giving away Kaeya’s truth.

“I suppose...” he starts, pulling Diluc into his arms, closing his eyes before burying his face in his neck, inhaling the scent of him, of them—Calla Lilies and wine, wood and grapes, the summer that always clings to Diluc’s skin, even in the harsher – lighter than Khaenri’ah’s – Mondstadt winters. “...that I’ll have my chance to return the favor, then.”

Kaeya sleeps over, and he’s notified the next morning, waking up to Diluc’s sleepy eyes, that it wasn’t part of the plan, considering Adeline’s sudden presence in the bedroom. He laughs, and kisses the sleep out of Diluc.

“You’re alright there, Master Diluc?”

“Oh, dear, is something hurting you?”

“Master Diluc, I’ll get that for you, you seem tired!”

“Is that a bruise, Master Diluc? My grandma makes this excellent medicine...”

“Oh, my,” Kaeya starts, leaning over the bar, looking at Diluc’s red face and unhappy expression. A bruise peeks over the high neck of his shirt, too high on the side of his jaw, giving purpose to patrons that have been offering their help ever since Angel’s Share opened. “Is something the matter, Master Diluc? People seem worried.”

Diluc looks at his smug face, the traces of nails over the skin of his chest in full view of everyone because he can’t be bothered to not walk around like a thirst-trap, and glares. “Get out of my establishment.”

Kaeya, surprisingly, leaves without even having a drink, only to come back near closing time, slipping inside and *behind* the bar despite Charles’ protests. Diluc ignores he even exists, the rest of the evening, even as Kaeya starts playing bartender; his only reaction to his presence comes when he’s mixing a drink next to him for a client, shoulders touching, and he feels a hand grabbing his ass.

Diluc, in true fashion of someone who can use claymores one-handed, drags Kaeya outside by the ear, tosses him into an alley, and allows himself to be pushed back against the wall in retaliation, kissed silly. He repeats his words, when given a second to breathe in between kisses. “Get out... of my establishment.”

“Your wish is my command, Master Diluc.” Kaeya kisses his hand, slips into the night, and Diluc pretends that there isn’t a bottle of pain-relief lotion suddenly sitting in the inner pocket of his coat, left behind by Kaeya’s expert hands.

Ugh, I want him in my bed again, Diluc thinks, but his ass reminds him of why that's not a good idea yet.

...he doesn't care, and this time, he's the one climbing Kaeya's window.

Author's Note:

thank you for reading! please feel free to agonize over these bois with me in the comments